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Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE LOST CHIEF.

BY CHARLES G. HALL.

He filled the Nation's eye and heart,
His name, his fame, his familiar name;
So much a brother, that his fame
Came of our lives a common part.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
His face, his eyes, his noble brow;
As if on each stern line of his
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face, what pen can draw?
His kindly, kindly, kindly smile;
And with a glance as quick to learn
The secret of all he saw.

Pain found no place upon his brow,
His face in his own hand;
His words—like health or air—could find
No just appraisal till withdrawn.

He was his Country's—not his own;
He had no wish but for her weal;
Nor for himself could think or feel
As a laborer for her throne.

His flag upon the heights of power,
His name in every heart;
To this one end his earnest life
Was bent, through every hour of strife.

The will that hides from our dull eyes
A hero's worth, death only lifts;
While he is with us, all his gifts
Find home to question, flow to prize.

But once the battle—won the strife—
When towers light his vaulted tomb,
Read gems flash out, and crown him
The chief whose deeds are in our life.

And men of whom the world will talk
For ages hence, may none more move;
And only, as they quit us, prove
That great souls have shared our walk.

For heaven—where all our heroes dwell—
In our weak hearts—their mission done,
Standeth her level eyes from the sun,
In the same hour that covers their work.

And, lo! and lo! The patient toil
That eases our pain in Victory's light;
Our Country's need and our own will,
With not a slave on all her soil.

Again our Southern towers and towers
The eagles of our nation feast;
And as the weeks to Summer grow,
Each day a new success was ours.

Mid peaks of battle, and cannon bark,
And shouting streets with flags aloft—
Spent the still hours of thy dawn,
And, in an instant, all was dark!

Thick clouds around us seem to press;
The heart throbs quickly—then is still;
Falter, 'tis hard to say, 'Thy will
Doth!'—in such an hour as this.

A martyr to the cause of man,
His blood is Freedom's sacrifice;
And in the world's great heart-beat,
His name shall ever lead the van!

And, raised on Faith's white wings, unfurled
Is Freedom's pure light, of him we say:
"He fell upon the sacrifice day,
A greater deed to save the world!"

Select Tale.

THE FEDERAL CHAMELEON.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF SCOUTING STRATEGY.

One evening, about an hour after the sun had gone down, a couple of stout men, dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, tapped at the door of a small frame building, near the C—road, in Virginia.

The knock was answered by an old woman, whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her gray, uncombed and disheveled hair.

"And what do you want here?" she exclaimed, as her deep-set eyes flashed on the two men. "I have not the smallest bit of a Johnny-cake in the house, to offer ye, for it was all—"

"No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat; but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you have seen a slight but strong-looking slip of a man go by here of late."

"Dressed in blue, and carrying a double-barreled rifle, added the other."

"Hey! hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands, and speaking in a sharp, angry voice; "if ye hadn't interrupted me, I reckon ye'd have heard me speak of him before now, as he was the very man who came here and bought all my cukes. It was about two hours ago, and—"

"Which way did he go, after he left you?" inquired both men, eagerly.

"Before I answer that question, you must tell me who he is," said the old woman, with the curiosity natural to her sex.

"He's a celebrated Union scout, whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon,' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, other times gray, and he has even been wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is pleasant, and we have a strong commission from our Colonel to go on a hunt after him, and capture him, if we can, either dead or alive. And now, as we have replied to you," continued the speaker, a little impatiently, "we demand you answer our question, and—"

"Demand!" interrupted the hag, in shrill, piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman; an old woman, at that?"

"Come, come, answer us, if you please," cried the soldier, in a milder tone. "I mean no harm—it is only my way of speaking."

"Well, perhaps I may forgive, and perhaps not," said the old woman, shaking her head. "How far is your camp from here?"

"What is that to you? What has that to do—"

"There you go again, with your cursed civility!" shrieked the hag, fiercely; "but you shall answer my question, before you get a single word out of me."

Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and how many men have you in and around it? I intended to carry your fellows some corn-cakes, d'ye see, and I want to know the number of mouths that I have to cook for."

"Oh, in that case," said the rebel, "I do not see any reason why I shouldn't satisfy you. Our camp, then, is about five miles from here, near the cross roads, and our number may be about five thousand."

"That will do," cried the old woman, with a grin of satisfaction—"yes, that will do. And now you are sure that the man who came here to buy a supper, is the one you are after?"

"We are sure of it; for although we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double-barreled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."

"Ay, ay, it's the right one, then," said the hag. "After he had finished and paid for his meal, he says to me, 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night, if you have no objections.' But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours."

"Well, then," says he, 'can you tell me of a place where I can pass the night a little comfortably?' You see," he added, looking toward his double-barreled rifle, "I don't like to camp out, as it looks to rain, and this piece might be hurt by it."

"I know of no place," I answered, "short of four miles from here, in an old barn, which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain." Four miles is a pretty long distance," said he, "and as I have been tramping about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far, pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. 'Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?' 'Well, yes,' said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a significant glance at the well-filled pocket-book in his hand. He understood the look, and gave me a green-back dollar."

"All right," said I, and he then departed, saying he would call for his luggage in the morning, after he should wake from his sleep in the barn."

"Now, then," continued the woman, "will you do—go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him till morning?"

"The two soldiers drew back a few paces, and held a short consultation, after which they advanced to the side of the woman."

"We will go now," said the one who had spoken first; "that is, if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn."

"I don't think I could describe it so that you can find it in the dark," replied the hag; "but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the Confederacy, I will go with you, to show you the place."

"That's right," answered the rebel; "and we'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."

"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," replied she. "I am always ready to help along the cause."

With these words, she disappeared into an inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a gray blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"I took this out of the Yankee's haversack," said she, with a short, dry laugh; "don't you think it becomes me?"

"Ay, ay, my good woman, very much; but lead on, if you please, for we have not much time to lose."

"Forward, march!" she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. "Forward, march! Close up close up!" And she moved along the road at the tottering pace natural to a person of her years.

The night by this time had become very dark. The sky was obscured with thick, driving clouds, and the winds screamed and roared among the tall pines that towered on each side of the road.

Occasionally, a branch wrenched from its native trunk would fall into the road with a terrific crash, and more than once the rebels started back and cocked their pieces, in the belief that the din was caused by the discharge of some Yankee rifle.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old hag, upon one of these occasions, "it seems to me that you are easily startled. Don't you think your commander might have picked a pair of bolder hearts than yours, for this expedition?"

"You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, my good woman, until you have had an opportunity to witness as many battles as we have," answered one of the men; "a good soldier is always on his guard."

"Ay, ay," replied the old woman; "but he should know how to distinguish between the cracking of a branch and the ring of a rifle's report."

The rebel did not relish the noise made by the loud, shrill tones of the female guide, and in order to put an end to the conversation, he controlled himself sufficiently not to reply to her last remark.

The party then continued their way in silence—which was not broken by either of them, until they had gone about three miles, and a loud, clear challenge suddenly startled the rebels.

"Halt! Who comes here?"

"Friend," answered the old woman, in a ringing voice; "friend, with prisoners!"

"We are betrayed!" yelled her companions; and, even as the words passed their lips, they were surrounded by a dozen Federal soldiers, one of whom carried a lantern.

As the rays of the light flashed upon the hag, the rebels saw the gray hair, the blanket, and the female apparel dropped to the ground, revealing the slight but iron-like frame of a Union soldier in the prime of life.

"It is he, by—!" exclaimed the prisoners simultaneously, as their glances wandered to the long double-barreled rifle now held in his hand; it is he—the scout—the Federal Chameleon!"

"Ay, ay," answered the latter, as he leaned upon his weapon, with a quiet smile. "You are trapped, sure enough, thanks to my disguise, which is only one of many which I carry in my knapsack. Allow me to express my thanks to you for information you gave me regarding the position of your camp and the number of your men. I have already sent a messenger to my Colonel in relation to the matter, and I perceive he has commenced to act upon it."

And as he spoke, he pointed down the road, where the dark outline of troops forming into line might be faintly distinguished.

They were soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and the cheering of Federal troops, proclaimed that the combat had commenced.

The din continued for about an hour, when the prisoners heard from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.

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Artemus Ward's Brother.

The following quaint letter from a gentleman who professes to be the brother of the celebrated Artemus Ward, says an Eastern exchange, reached us the other day by regular mail, and we give it because it embraces so much of the special kind of humor for which Artemus is so renowned. The whole family seems to be laboring under a very bad "spell," which is a disorder that, in their case, however, seems to operate as disease does upon certain oysters, in producing a pearl where we might only expect putridity:

SHERBORN, March 11, 1865.

To the Editor of the Sunday Times, N. Y.: 4 years ago, while in Indianapolis, Indiana, I wrote to Mr. Prentiss of the Louisville Journal, regarding the whereabouts of my brother, Artemus Ward, of whom I have not heard since he was a boy.

"And we roamed the fields together," happens as a Mackeral in Kashmir Sea. There was four of us brothers, all boys. This following is a pedigree of our family. Our parents, of which there was 2, consisted of our father and mother, namely:

Hanner and Erysipelas Ward. The latter (my father), was given heavily to Pluggy tobacco, of which he chewed incessantly, though Biled Bacon done rain was his best hold. He was a man that could not go long between drinks; and the kamit did not predominate in him, and G. Hoyer took him at the age of sickness, and after 2 days sickness. The following is applicable to his case:

"Oakum, Oakum! with me!"—S. Spere. After the old man's death, our mother was left with the four boys aforesaid, to wit: namely, i. e.

Erysipelas (named after father.) Artymis (the Long Lost.) Rodney and myself.

Olonzio (named after olonzio of pizza-orean celebrity.) My eldest brother, Ery, went into the wool business, while Rodney went out to Oregon territory and Barked in the Fur trade. Ery died poorly at the wool, and barked, but Rodney is still in the Fur Coating money.

Artymis, at the tender age of eleven, was suddenly mist from home. In this kneesnash I would remark an old stock in belonging to mother, containing four dollars in Oliver and fifty two cents in kopper, disappeared about the same time. There was a party of akrawbats, or double Somerset proklivity, in our neighborhood a few days previous, and by many it was supposed Artymis had been invigilled.

To love his kase and happy home Sunda eyes, sunda teeth brupha, Sunda pale is lemon and vanilla!"—Jack spear.

At all evinks I have never heard of him but once, i. e., when I wrote to Mr. Prentiss, who did not answer my letter, he being engaged in translating a French letter sent to him by Soosan Monday, a noted gorillor, of the female gender. Off her more hereafter; but *Revenas on our Mutton*, as the French have it. I heard that my brother, A. Ward, had bekm ritch, he having been to Salt Lick City, among the Mormon women, (he was alius given to the latter, even from a child,) and that, moreover, and above, he had got a show of wax figgers, and nevertheless was perfectly decayed with money; in which event I would remark him

"I still live,"—Webb.

And as his absence cost me many tears, (I carried up the water and chopt up the wood for two years after his leaving us), and as I am his only surviving brother in poor circumstances, (Ery being rich, and Rodney when last heard from was in a big contract for furnishing pine toothed komes for the Confederate army, with his bed quarters in Richmond,) therefore I do think Artymis might come and see me. He is ever welcome to my poor but happy home. Ows, owe, brotherly off one who loves not wisely but too well; but owe, owe, dear Artymis! do not try to shake me.

OLONZO WARD.

Deer brother, don't! don't! I go back onto me.

"Why do I wepe 4 thee?" O. W.

Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, who has been elected by the Senate its President pro tem., is a native of Connecticut, and a lineal descendant of Miles Standish.

The President has issued a proclamation directing the arrest and punishment of parties furnishing hostile Indians with arms and munitions of war.

An "Irish gentleman"—perhaps a king—has been discovered by some laborers at Dromelity, Ireland. His stone coffin was nine feet long.

A new gun metal has been invented in Austria. It is called "Sterrometal," and is a compound of copper, spelter, iron and tin.

All sections have their trials and crosses. The greatest of all crosses at this time is the Southern Cross.—*Low. Journal.*

The Indians in Wisconsin, who have just received their annuities, call the fractional paper currency "papoose money."

The oldest officer in the army is Adjutant Pencoche, whose commission bears date March 31, 1783.

Gold has caused the fall of a great many people, and now it is falling itself.

Useful and Curious.

CLEAN YOUR CELLARS.—If not already done, thoroughly purge this subterranean story of your house. Every decayed onion, cabbage-stump, potato-vine or tuber, turnip, parsnip, carrot, and all the dirt they have made, all straw and rubbish, rake them up and out with them. The cellar is no place for them at any time of the year. If you still retain a few potatoes for table use, let them be picked over and all decayed ones removed. One of the best housewives of our acquaintance, greeted us not long since with an invitation to come and see her cellar. "I have swept down every cobweb, whitewashed the walls, swept up the floor, and sowed it with salt." Decay vegetable matter is a fertile cause of disease, and there is enough of it out of doors in this country, without heaping it up in the cellar for the special purpose, it would almost seem, of breeding fever. Whitewash the walls, for lime purifies as well as beautifies. Rake down the cobwebs, they are the infallible marks of a slattern. Salt destroys worms, &c. If your cellar is very dry and sandy, you may use salt without detriment; but if too damp it will make the matter worse.

THE BITE OF A DOG.—Dr. Stephen Ware, in Boston, in his testimony in a recent case which grew out of the injuries from the bite of a dog, furnished the following valuable advice: In the case of a bite by a dog, where the teeth of the animal penetrated the flesh, whether the dog was known to be mad or not, he should use the same precautions. He should wash the wound with warm water, extract all the virus possible by sucking the wound with his lips, and then cauterize deeply with caustic most readily to be obtained, but should use potash if it could be procured at once. The time in which the effects of the bite of a mad dog would be seen, varied from two to three days to as many years, but if no effects were felt after two or three months, as a general thing, the patient might consider himself safe. Bites made through clothing are seldom productive of much harm, even if the dog is mad; the clothing absorbs the virus before the teeth reach the flesh. Most of the fatal cases are where the person was bitten on some naked part. Concerning the possibility of a cure in a real case of hydrophobia, nothing was said.

HOW TO MAKE PENCIL WRITING INDELEIBLE.—A correspondent of an agricultural paper gives the following information, which may be of service to some of our readers:

A great many valuable letters and other writings are written in pencil. This is particularly the case with the letters of our brave soldiers sent home from the army. The following simple process will make lead pencil writing or drawing as indelible as if done with ink: Lay the writing in a shallow dish and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not wet at first may have the milk placed upon them lightly with a feather. When the paper is wet all over with the milk, take it up and let the milk drain off, and wipe off with a feather the drops which collect on the lower edge. Dry it carefully, and it will be found to be perfectly indelible. It cannot be removed even with India rubber. It is an old recipe and a good one.

CEMENT FOR ROOFS.—An invention by M. Sorel, of Paris, is stated to be superior to plaster of Paris for coating the walls of rooms. It is used in the following manner: A coat of oxide of zinc mixed with size made up like a wash, is first laid on the wall, ceiling or wainscot, and over that a coat of chloride of zinc applied, being prepared in the same way as the first wash. The oxide and chloride effect an immediate combination, and form a glass, and possessing its disadvantages of oil paint, without its disadvantages of smell.—*Dublin Med. Press, Aug. 31, 1864.*

Gutta serena is now used to protect the feet of horses from tenderness and slipping. It is first cut into small pieces and softened with hot water, then mixed with half its weight of powdered sal ammoniac, and the mixture melted in a tin-lined sauce pan over a gentle fire, keeping it well stirred. When required for use, melt in a glue pot, scrape the hoof clean, and apply the mixture with a knife.

A new invention in France is said to be a new pair of boots, which have been exhibited to the Emperor. At every step, the pressure of the boot produces melody, it may be a waltz, a mazurka, or an operatic air. The arrangement is said to be extremely convenient for a dancing master.

A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered in Germany, which has three times the explosive force, and costs only half as much, as the powder now in use. The principal materials are resin and chlorate of potash.

COOKED BEEF.—Fresh beef, boiled in very salt water, is said to be sweeter and tender than that which has been pickled before cooking; and any family that can get beef may corn it as they want.

In some parts of Massachusetts acorns are used as a substitute for coffee. They are shelled, then burnt and ground, and are said to be very palatable.

The Fun of the Thing.

OIL SONG.

There's an oil time coming, boys;
An oil time coming, boys;
There's an oil time coming, boys;
Wait a little longer.

We may "strike grease," or we may not,
Sticks go to par or go to pot,
In this oil time coming.

"Well," not "whales," shall light mankind.
The perfume shall be stronger,
And "derricks," shall supplant "harpoons."
Wait a little longer.

CHUCKS—Oh, there's an oil time coming.

Another Version, by Prof. Squashy.

There's an oil time coming, boys,
There's an oil time coming, boys,
There's an oil time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.

For only wells will soon "spit out,"
The "strikers" go clean "up the spout,"
In this oil time coming.

When "whales" again their shall yield,
And the "derricks" shall be stronger,
And "derricks" shall be stronger,
Oh—wait a little longer.

CHUCKS—Oh, there's an oil time coming.

How Mr. Gottlieb Broke His Pony.

—Chon, you recklemper dat liddle black bony I pyed mit der pedlar next week?

"Yah, vot of him?"

"Nothings, only I gets cheated, bardy bad."

"So?"

"Yah. You zee in de vurst blace he ish plind mit poth legs, unt very lame mit von eye. Den you gith on him to rite he rears up pehnt und kicks up mit pote his legs before so vorser as a checkmole. Me dinks I dake von liddle rite kesterday, unt so sooner I gets straddle his pack he commence dat vay, shud so like a vakin peam on a postabstem; unt ven he gets tone I vas so mixed up mit everydinks, I vinds myself sittin' around pickvards mit his tail in mine hants for de pride."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitted him in de cart mit his tail vere his heat ought to pe; den I gife him about a tozen cnts mit a hite cow; he starts to go, put so soon as he see de cart before him he valls packvards so fast as he can. Bardy soon he stumple pehnt, unt sits down on his haunches, unt looks like he veel bury shamed mit himself—"

Den I takes him out, hitch him in de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shud so coot as anypots' bony."

BORING FOR OIL.—A good story is told of a Michigan man who went out hunting for a friend and found an oil spring on his friend's farm. He sought to quench his thirst at a spring they passed, but found it tasted very strongly of oil. He kept the secret to himself, but suddenly became very anxious to buy the farm. After he had bought it for \$20,000 and had announced his intention to bore for oil, the former owner consolingly remarked: "My dear fellow, the night before you drank out of that spring, my hostler went there to water the horse, and by accident broke a kerosene lamp, which fell into the spring, and it was the oil from it that you tasted!" He then concluded that he wouldn't bore.

Josh Billings writes to the Troy News: I never have visited the Mormons, but my friend Artemus Ward has, and he tells me they are a healthy people, and fond of meat society. He says they have more religion, according to their population, than they know what to do with. They marry young and often. The pro-dubshun of the country is Mormons. They believe in